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1911

The Corner-Lot Chorus



1889, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

# Plays for Amateur Theatricals.

BY GEORGE M. BAKER.

Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," "The Drawing-Room Stage," "Handy Dramas," "The Exhibition Dramas," "A Baker's Dozen," etc.

Titles in this Type are New Plays.

Titles in this Type are Temperance Plays.

## DRAMAS.

*In Four Acts.*

**Better than Gold.** 7 male, 4 female char. . . . . 25

*In Three Acts.*

**Our Folks.** 6 male, 5 female char. . . . . 15

**The Flower of the Family.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**ENLISTED FOR THE WAR.** 7 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**The Little Brown Jug.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

*In Two Acts.*

**Above the Clouds.** 7 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**One Hundred Years Ago.** 7 male, 4 female char. . . . . 15

**AMONG THE BREAKERS.** 6 male, 4 female char. . . . . 15

**BREAD ON THE WATERS.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**DOWN BY THE SEA.** 6 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**ICE ON A TIME.** 4 male, 2 female char. . . . . 15

**The Last Loaf.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

*In One Act.*

**STAND BY THE FLAG.** 5 male char. . . . . 15

**The Tempter.** 3 male, 1 female char. . . . . 15

## COMEDIES AND FARCES.

**A Mysterious Disappearance.** 4 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**Paddle Your Own Canoe.** 7 male 3 female char. . . . . 15

**A Drop too Much.** 4 male, 2 female char. . . . . 15

**A Little More Cider.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**A THORN AMONG THE ROSES.** 2 male, 6 female char. . . . . 15

**NEVER SAY DIE.** 3 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**SEEING THE ELEPHANT.** 6 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**THE BOSTON DIP.** 4 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**THE DUCHESS OF DUBLIN.** 6 male, 4 female char. . . . . 15

**THIRTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS.** 4 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**We're all Teetotalers.** 4 male, 2 female char. . . . . 15

*Male Characters Only.*

**A CLOSE SHAVE.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**A SEA OF TROUBLES.** 8 char. . . . . 15

## COMEDIES, etc., continued.

*Male Characters Only.*

**A TENDER ATTACHMENT.** 7 char. . . . . 15

**COALS OF FIRE.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.** 8 char. . . . . 15

**Shall Our Mothers Vote?** 11 char. . . . . 15

**GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY.** 12 char. . . . . 15

**HUMORS OF THE STRIKE.** 8 char. . . . . 15

**MY UNCLE THE CAPTAIN.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAN.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**THE GREAT ELIXIR.** 9 char. . . . . 15

**THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.** 3 char. . . . . 15

**The Man with the Demijohn.** 4 char. . . . . 15

**THE RUNAWAYS.** 4 char. . . . . 15

**THE THIEF OF TIME.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**WANTED, A MALE COOK.** 4 char. . . . . 15

*Female Characters Only.*

**A LOVE OF A BONNET.** 5 char. . . . . 15

**A PRECIOUS PICKLE.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**NO CURR NO PAY.** 7 char. . . . . 15

**THE CHAMPION OF HER SEX.** 8 char. . . . . 15

**THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE.** 8 char. . . . . 15

**THE GRECIAN BEND.** 7 char. . . . . 15

**THE RED CHIGNON.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**USING THE WEED.** 7 char. . . . . 15

## ALLEGORIES.

*Arranged for Music and Tableaux.*

**LIGHTHART'S PILGRIMAGE.** 8 female char. . . . . 15

**THE REVOLT OF THE BEES.** 9 female char. . . . . 15

**THE SCULPTOR'S TRIUMPH.** 1 male, 4 female char. . . . . 15

**THE TOURNAMENT OF IDVLCOURT.** 10 female char. . . . . 15

**THE WAR OF THE ROSES.** 8 female char. . . . . 15

**THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.** 8 female char. . . . . 15

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

**AN ORIGINAL IDEA.** 1 male, 1 female 15

**BONBONS; OR, THE PAINT KING.** 6 male, 1 female char. . . . . 25

**CAPULETTA; OR, ROMEO AND JULIET RESTORED.** 3 male, 1 female char. . . . . 15

**SANTA CLAUS' FROLICS.** . . . . 15

**SNOW-BOUND; OR, ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGENE.** 3 male, 1 female char. . . . . 25

**THE MERRY CHRISTMAS OF THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.** . . . . 15

**THE PEDLER OF VERY NICE.** 7 male char. . . . . 15

**THE SEVEN AGES.** A Tableau Entertainment. Numerous male and female char. . . . . 15

**TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.** 2 male char. . . . . 15

**THE VISIONS OF FREEDOM.** 11 female char. . . . . 15

WALTER H. BAKER & CO., 23 Winter St., Boston.

THE  
CORNER LOT CHORUS

A Farce in One Act

FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY

BY

GRACE LIVINGSTON FURNISS

AS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED BY "THE TWELFTH NIGHT CLUB" AT THE LYCEUM  
THEATRE, NEW YORK, ON MAY 7TH, 1891, UNDER THE STAGE  
DIRECTION OF WALTER C. BELLOWS

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BOSTON

*Walter H. Baker & Co.*

1891

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## THE CORNER LOT CHORUS.

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SCENE: — *Large room hung with red, doors in flat R. C. and L. C. with portières. Raised seat for Judge down C. Table R. with chairs R. and L. Mirror R. Prompt-book, towel, make-up box on table. SPRIGGIE enters, R. C. carrying chair; bangs it down R. of table.*

SPRIGGIE. There! How mean they are! (*Exit: re-enters with another chair; same business L. of table.*) There! Oh! I am so tired! (*Exit: re-enters carrying pile of boxes; drops them on table.*) There! the last of the properties and me! (*Comes down, reads.*) "Table C., chairs R. and L. of mirror." Everything ready for the first act but the girls. I wonder if they remember that this is our last rehearsal, and to-morrow night brings a cold and critical audience to revel in their mistakes! And if anything goes wrong it will be my fault. Of course, I am stage manager. (*Goes to mirror, powders hair.*) Why don't they come? (*Looks at watch.*) Three o'clock! I have been working alone here for hours. (*Pins curls L. of face.*) Never again will I manage theatricals for a church benefit. Every rehearsal undermines my morals. Gracious! that cap is not ready. (*Sits R., sewing frantically.* CHALLIE enters, giggling, carries a box, comes down to SPRIGGIE.)

CHALLIE. Am I late, Spriggie?

SPRIG. Two hours.

CHAL. (*giggling*). So sorry! but a thousand things detained me. (*Giggles.*) O Spriggie, you look so funny! Are you only going to wear one bunch of curls?

SPRIG. Perhaps. Kindly attend to your own get-up. (*Sews hurriedly.*)

CHAL. I did. (*Taking off wrap.*) That's what detained me. Don't I look nice? (*Turns head over shoulder to admire back of gown.*)

SPRIG. Well enough. Do you know your lines yet?

CHAL. (*giggling*). Well enough; at least, I am shaky on the last act. (*Skips about.*) I am to have three bouquets to-morrow. I've been practising for them: I am going to receive them so. (*Takes imaginary bouquet, looks surprised, pleased, overcome; bows with hand on heart. Giggles.*)



SPRIG. Do stop giggling, and study your part!

CHAL. (*going to table, opens box*). Oh, it will be all right! If I slip up I can put in some local "gags:" they always take.

SPRIG. As stage manager I forbid "gagging."

CHAL. Forbid! (*LAVENDER enters with box; runs to CHALLIE.*)

SPRIG. Yes; forbid!

LAVENDER (*kissing CHALLIE*). So sorry to be late, Spriggie dear!

SPRIG. Pray don't apologize!

LAV. Oh, if you want to be a martyr, don't let me prevent you! (*To CHALLIE.*) I've got the best joke! (*They retire to table giggling, arms about each other's waists.*)

SPRIG. Do stop giggling.

CHAL. (*over her shoulder*). Sha'n't!

LAV. (*over her shoulder*). Can't! (*Busy themselves with boxes. PENELOPE enters, R. C. with box.*)

LAV. and CHAL. (*together*). Come over here, Penelope.

PENELOPE. In a moment. (*Goes to SPRIGGIE.*) My dear Spriggie! so sorry to be late, but a—

SPRIG. A thousand things detained you, of course! (*Rises, goes to mirror, tries on cap.*)

PEN. Well, they did.

SPRIG. You need not have been afraid, however. I have set the stage, collected the properties, finished everything except my costume, and that is of no consequence.

PEN. Well, I'm sure you've done splendidly. It looks lovely. (*Crosses stage in long strides.*) I feel just like a real actress.

SPRIG. Then I suppose you know your lines?

PEN. (*striking pose*). All but the last act. I shall be all right to-morrow night. I need an audience to inspire me.

SPRIG. Exactly. Nothing short of a monkey-wrench could extract lines from any of you, while a jack-screw is needed to move you about; and you all depend on the inspiration of stage fright.

PEN. I never have stage fright.

SPRIG. Indeed!

PEN. No; and I know my part well enough. This is our fifth rehearsal, and I think it is one too many. (*Walks up stage.*)

SPRIG. Professionals have fifteen.

PEN. Then they must be very dull. (*Goes to CHALLIE.*) Are you ready to make me up?

CHAL. Yes, darling!

PEN. (*sits L. of table. CHALLIE and LAVENDER pin towel about her neck*). Put on plenty of wrinkles, darling.

CHAL. Yes, dear! Hold the box, Lavender.

SPRIG. (*carries chair across to L. front; sits sewing*). Have any of you girls seen Maudie?

ALL. No! (*Giggle.*)

SPRIG. Do you think she is coming?

ALL. Don't know! (*Giggle.*)

SPRIG. (*aside*). Mean things! (*LAVENDER and CHALLIE stand in front of PENELOPE so as to hide her from audience. CHALLIE makes her up. Enter MRS. WIGGINS, R. C.*)

ALL. Good-afternoon, Mrs. Wiggins.

MRS. WIGGINS. Good-afternoon. Am I late?

SPRIG. Only two hours. Have you seen Maudie?

MRS. W. No. How nice everything looks! Oh, before we commence I have several questions to ask. (*Takes book from pocket.*)

SPRIG. Yes? Well?

MRS. W. (*going to her shows book*). It says here, "Judge enters L.;" L. means left, I believe.

SPRIG. Yes, Mrs. Wiggins; but as our stage only has one entrance — R. centre — you must come in there.

MRS. W. The book says L. How can I enter L.?

SPRIG. You can't.

MRS. W. But it says —

SPRIG. Good gracious! How can you come in through a solid wall?

LAV. Don't irritate our stage manager, Mrs. Wiggins.

MRS. W. Why should she be irritated?

SPRIG. I am not. (*Rips cap violently.*)

MRS. W. Then I am to enter R. centre?

SPRIG. Yes, Mrs. Wiggins.

MRS. W. (*marking book*). Thanks. Now, another point: over here it says, "Judge retires up." Now, Spriggie, up what? (*Girls all giggle.*)

SPRIG. Up means back?

MRS. W. Back, back! Up whose back?

SPRIG. No one's back. Oh! (*Jumps up.*)

MRS. W. Did you hurt yourself?

SPRIG. No. When you "retire up," Mrs. Wiggins, you simply walk back to make room for the chorus.

MRS. W. Then why don't they use English and say so? (*Marks book.*) Speaking of the chorus — of course I don't wish to criticise —

SPRIG. Then don't do it.

MRS. W. No, no, I won't. But, really, I wish you had not selected girls who are, socially speaking, impossible.

SPRIG. We are not "speaking socially," but working for the church.

MRS. W. Still, the line should be drawn at tradesmen's daughters, even in the church.

CHAL. (*coming down*). Exactly my sentiments.

PEN. and LAV. Just what we said.

MRS. W. Of course.

PEN. I have always said — (*Her face is heavily lined with brown wrinkles. SPRIGGIE looks at her, bursts out laughing.*) What is it? (*Rushes to mirror.*)

SPRIG. The lady or the tiger! (*Laughs.*)

CHAL. Isn't it good?

PEN. Horrible! Awful! I won't wear these wrinkles.

CHAL. It will look all right from the front.

PEN. I don't care. It's hideous.

CHAL. I did exactly as the book directed. You said you wanted to look old.

PEN. But I am not going to play an old zebra. I'll wash it off. (*Starts to door.*)

SPRIG. One moment. Before the chorus arrives I have a word to say.

LAV. Another lecture.

SPRIG. Well, you need it. Sit down and listen.

MRS. W. Sit on what?

CHAL. The floor. (*Sits on floor; other girls follow suit in line from C. to SPRIGGIE.*)

ALL. Now, Spriggie. (*Laugh.*)

SPRIG. I don't care. For the fiftieth time I will explain why I selected the play of "Oskaloosa Justice." First, because the scene being laid in Oskaloosa where the town officials are all women, it was easy to cast; and secondly, because the chorus of jury girls would take in these twelve girls to whom you object.

LAV. Of course we do.

SPRIG. And we must have them. Every girl has a mother who owns a corner lot. We want a corner lot for our new church. Very good. We invite the daughters to act with us, flatter the mothers, and have twelve chances for a corner lot.

CHAL. And may draw a blank after all. (*Giggles.*)

SPRIG. Nonsense! These women are dying to get into the "smart set."

LAV. Through the church door?

MRS. W. Well; I say, cut out the chorus. Society and the church must be run separately. One says things in church which are, socially speaking, impossible.

SPRIG. (*rising*). O girls! Mrs. Wiggins! It is only two nights more. Won't you be civil to the chorus?

CHAL. (*rising*). Indeed I will not. I never dreamed they expected social recognition. (*Goes to door.*)

SPRIG. Think of the corner lot.

PEN. (*rising*). Chickie Niles is atrociously bad form. (*Goes to door.*)

SPRIG. Her mother's corner lot is in good shape. (*Goes to door.*)

LAV. (*rising*). On no account will I be civil.

SPRIG. But we want a corner lot.

MRS. W. (*rising*). Then buy one and cut out the chorus. (*Goes to door.*)

SPRIG. O girls!

PEN. As stage manager, you can gush for the crowd. I'm going to wash off Challie's frescos.



SPRIG. Then you will not be civil?

ALL. (*at door*). Certainly not. (*Exit giggling*.)

SPRIG. (*walking about*). One would think it was my private church. I've a great mind to resign—no; I will not. I won't be driven out of the field. (*Singing heard outside*.) Oh, dear! There come those odious girls, and I have to be civil. Ugh! (*Carries chair to R. front, stands*.)

(*Music. Jury-girls headed by CHICKIE NILES, enter R. C., file across to L. front, keeping time to music, form in double line across front, singing. They wear white wool gowns, half long skirts, high bodices braided in gold, angel sleeves lined with scarlet, shoes, stockings, and Portia caps. Each carries a notebook and pencil*.)

## SONG.

Oh, no, we never mention it,  
 We never tell a thing,  
 We wink our eyes and think a bit,  
 And nod our heads and sing,—  
 We are the pretty jury-girls,  
 Who ne'er our trust abuse,  
 And when the case is going on,  
 We never read the news.

(*They dance to L., then to R., form in line from behind CHICKIE from C. to L. front*.)

CHICKIE. (c). We've got that down cold, haven't we?

SPRIG. Very nice, very smooth; but I asked you not to come until the second act was on, Chickie.

CHICK. (*fanning herself*). I know it, Spriggie.

SPRIG. None but intimate friends call me Spriggie.

CHICK. Same here. (*Winks over her shoulder to jury*.)

JURY. A row! (*Clap their hands, stand listening; facing audience, right hands behind ears*.)

SPRIG. Really! Well, Miss Niles, I am stage manager—

CHICK. (*interrupting*). Exactly, but you are not my manager; get the idea?

JURY. Good!

SPRIG. You are impertinent.

CHICK. And you and your stuck-up friends make me tired. You've played top-lofty airs with variations on me ever since this thing began, and I've had a genteel sufficiency.

SPRIG. I do not understand you.

CHICK. If I'm a parvenu, you're another.

SPRIG. I!

CHICK. You belong to a peasant aristocracy, founded by Irish or German peasants, with brains enough to pile up the millions you boast of, and you are as much like a genuine aristocrat as a Rhine-pebble is like a diamond.

JURY. Good.

(*End girl crosses behind CHICKIE to R., followed by others, so that line forms from R. to C.; hold left hands to ears, listen as before.*)

SPRIG. Abominable. (*Puts hands over ears, crosses to L. front as jury-girls change.*)

CHICK. Mamma always calls your set the Rhine-pebble girls.

SPRIG. Where can you find anything more aristocratic than I, Miss Niles?

CHICK. In London, Miss Van der Hunk. Among *my* friends. I was presented at Court, shook hands with the Prince of Wales, and was the hit of the season.

SPRIG. Doubtless. I presume they admired your high-bred air, your repose, your wit—

CHICK. They did. When I put on a “Felix” gown and went to a “Drum,” I collared every man there. When I said, “Just give me two fingers more of that slick Orange Pekoe tea,” the young dukes fell all over themselves.

JURY. (*clapping*). Hurray for Chickie!

SPRIG. I will not listen.

CHICK. In short, as long as the love of money makes the world go round, I am as good as you, and don't you forget it. (*Goes to R. front.*)

SPRIG. (*coming down C.*). Have you finished?

CHICK. Almost. I hate to be so candid, but I must. (*Takes out note.*) Here is mamma's opinion of matters. (*Gives SPRIGGIE note; goes back to JURY; all whisper.*)

SPRIG. (*reading*). “Dear Miss Van Der Hunk,—Chickie tells me she is only in one act of your show for the church, and I write to say it won't do. A girl with a million in her own right, who's been to Court, and shook hands with the Prince of Wales, is good enough to be in all the acts of any play ever given”—

JURY. Of course.

SPRIG. (*reading*). “Anyhow, if you don't fix it so that my daughter is on the stage all the time, she will resign her part, and me and my family will leave the church. Yours truly, Mary Jane Niles.”

SPRIG. (*folding note*). Absurd!

CHICK. Mamma gets right to work, doesn't she?

SPRIG. Surely, she is not serious. You are forewoman of the Jury, so you cannot appear in the play until the trial takes place.

CHICK. Then I resign.

SPRIG. I am sorry, but your place can be filled.

CHICK. All the girls go with me. Pass along your notes, girls. (*Music.*)

SPRIG. Distraction! (*Jury girls dance across stage to SPRIGGIE; each gives her a note as she passes, dances around behind her back to CHICKIE; laugh.*)

SPRIG. (*tears open two or three notes, throws all on table*). It is preposterous. It would spoil the effect of the court scene.

CHICK. Then we are not in this. Eh, girls?

JURY. No! (*All skip to door.*)

SPRIG. Stop! I consent.

CHICK. We can be on the stage all the time?

SPRIG. Yes. It makes the play a hopeless mix, but that is of no consequence.

CHICK. I thought you'd tumble to the racket.

SPRIG. Will you oblige me by crossing to the left front? The rehearsal will begin at once.

JURY. Certainly. (*Dance across to L. front, humming, "Oh, no, we never mention it." Form in double line. Rhine-pebble girls enter laughing, see Jury girls, avert their heads, come down to R. front.*)

PEN. Those girls here! (*Whispers to others.*)

SPRIG. Hush! The rehearsal will begin at once. Take your places. Where is the prompt-book? (*Hunts on table.*)

MRS. W. O Spriggie! it is so late you will have to begin with the second act, where I come on.

SPRIG. But, Mrs. Wiggins, Maudie is not here. We can't do the trial scene without her. Besides, the other girls need to rehearse the first act.

MRS. W. I cannot wait for Maudie. If you do not begin the second act, I go at once.

SPRIG. Dear, dear, dear! Very good, have your own way. (*Taking up book.*) Take your places.

PUSSY WILLOW (*coming forward*). Hold on, Miss Van Der Hunk.

SPRIG. Well?

PUS. WIL. We girls don't think it's fair for Chickie to do all the talking: we can act quite as well as she can, and want as many lines.

SPRIG. Well, you can't have them, as Miss Niles is forewoman of the Jury: she naturally has more to say

PUS. WIL. Then we resign.

JURY. We do.

PUS. WIL. We are not going to be plastered along the wall like so many — dumb bells.

R. P. GIRLS. Absurd!

SPRIG. (*consulting book*). Let me see what can be arranged. Well, suppose you repeat the last three words of all the forewoman's lines.

PUS. WIL. That would be better. Shall we accept, girls?

JURY. Yes.

PUS. WIL. That will do. (*Retires to JURY.*)

SPRIG. Now, then, the rehearsal will commence.

LAV. (*advancing*). Stop a bit. (*Opens book.*)

SPRIG. More objections?

LAV. No, only an improvement. When it says over here — Act I. p. 17, — "expert skips across the stage," I shall interpolate a dance.

SPRIG. A dance! Why, it is all out of keeping with the play.

LAV. Dances always are. (*Goes to table.*) However, it does not matter. I really did not care to play such a small part. (*Puts on hat.*) If I could have filled it out with a dance, it would have been better. You can easily fill my place.

SPRIG. By to-morrow night? Impossible!

LAV. Some one can read it.

SPRIG. Very well, have a dance; have ten dances. Any young lady wishing to introduce a specialty will kindly come forward now. (*Girls all giggle.*)

PEN. I may have a song, but I do not care to rehearse it.

SPRIG. I am glad the author of "Oskaloosa Justice" is dead. However, the rehearsal will—

LAV. Oh, no, it won't! I am going to do my dance first. (*Takes off hat.*)

SPRIG. (*sinking into chair*). What a rehearsal!

CHAL. (*giggling*). Go on, Lavender. (*Music.*)

LAV. You needn't be so jealous. (*Retires up, comes down dancing fancy dance, anxiously eying her feet, and counting out loud. Jury girls are convulsed with laughter.*)

CHICK. I say, Miss Van Der Hunk, is she going to scowl at her feet that way? It's great! Out of sight!

SPRIG. Do not ask me.

LAV. I didn't. I smiled all the time.

R. P. GIRLS. No, you didn't, darling.

MRS. W. I thought something hurt you.

SPRIG. (*rising*). The rehearsal will—

LAV. Stuff! I will do my dance again.

SPRIG. (*looking at watch*). Half-past four. (*Sits again. Music.*)

(LAVENDER *retires up again, dances down smiling; warn lights.*)

CHICK. Now, girls! Take the conceit out of her.

JURY. We will.

(*When LAVENDER looks at JURY they avert their heads, laugh behind her back; R. P. GIRLS applaud when she looks, laugh behind her back. Music stops.*)

LAV. There! How was that?

R. P. GIRLS. Lovely.

CHICK. It's a Jim dandy.

LAV. I did not address you, Miss Niles.

CHICK. Nor I, you. I said the dance was a Jim dandy. It is, but you can't dance it.

JURY. She can't dance it.

LAV. She shall apologize.

R. P. GIRLS. She shall.

CHICK. Oh, come off! Who's going to make me?

JURY. Who's going to make her?

SPRIG. (*jumps on chair, waves her hands*). Girls, are you not ashamed? Silence, every one! The rehearsal will commence at once, at once. I am going to turn on the rest of the lights and begin. (*Gets down, goes to door.*) The turncock is down-stairs; I won't be an instant. (*Exit; re-enters immediately reading letter.*) Oh, this is too much!

CHAL. What is the matter now, Miss Stage Manager? (*Giggles.*)

SPRIG. (*coming down*). Listen. (*Reads.*) "My dear Miss Van der Hunk, I regret to inform you that I shall be unable to appear to-morrow night. As my part was so very small, of course you will have no difficulty in filling my place. Believe me, cordially yours, Maudie Silveredge."

CHAL. That is just like Maudie.

LAV. Mean thing!

PEN. Then we will have to give up the play.

SPRIG. After selling eight hundred tickets? Never!

MRS. W. Can't you cut out her part?

SPRIG. No.

CHICK. Then there is no performance? (*Lights ready.*)

SPRIG. There will be a performance if I have to give it as a monologue.

CHAL. But who is to take Maudie's part?

SPRIG. I have an idea.

ALL. What?

SPRIG. You'll see later. Now I am going to turn up the lights; when they are high enough, stamp on the floor so I will know when to stop. (*Goes to door.*)

MRS. W. What part of the floor shall we stamp on, Spriggie?

SPRIG. The part underneath you. So! (*Stamps. Aside.*) I wish it was her head. (*Exit. Girls stand with right foot raised looking at top lights, laughing.*)

CHAL. (*giggling*). What fun rehearsals are! (*Lights down.*)

ALL. So jolly! (*Lights gradually get lower.*)

PEN. She is turning the lights out.

ALL. Oh! Ah!

CHAL. Quick! Stamp and stop her!

ALL. Oh! (*Stamp on floor; lights go out, stage almost dark.*)

ALL. Oh! Spriggie! Miss Van der Hunk! Where am I? Is that you?

CHICK. Come on, girls. I'm going to see what the trouble is. Where is the door? (*Exit, followed by JURY.*)

CHAL. I'll go turn up the lights. (*Exit.*)

R. P. GIRLS. How stupid! Did you ever! What an idiot! (*Lights up.*) They're coming up. (*Lights up again, MRS. WIGGINS, LAVENDER, and PENELOPE discovered in C. of stage, arms around each other.*)

MRS. W. What a dreadful experience!

LAV. and PEN. Awful!

MRS. W. Where are those odious girls?

PEN. I hope they've run home. (*CHALLIE runs in giggling.*)

ALL. Where's Spriggie?

CHAL. (*coming down*). She is locked up in her dressing-room, and says we are to set the stage for the second act, and she'll be up directly.

LAV. What is she doing?

CHAL. Don't know. She shoved the prompt-book through a crack in the door, and said, go away.

PEN. How insulting!

CHAL. Come, you are my supers; get to work. (*Giggles.*) Twelve chairs for the Jury. Step lively.

(*MRS. WIGGINS, LAVENDER, and PENELOPE exit, re-enter, each carrying two chairs.*)

LAV. Where do they go?

CHAL. Slanting from door to front. (*Business of arranging chairs.*) That's it. Six more, please.

(*MRS. WIGGINS, PENELOPE, and LAVENDER exeunt, re-enter with chairs, arrange them as before. CHALLIE places chairs R. and L. of judge's seat, carries table back to L. rear. All come down to front laughing.*)

CHAL. Where is Spriggie?

LAV. I am wild with curiosity.

MRS. W. Hark! (*Runs to door, looks out, runs back to girls.*) She's coming.

(*All cross to L. front, stand facing door. Music as SPRIGGIE runs in, comes down C., drops courtesy; all laugh. Left side of SPRIGGIE'S gown white Greek drapery, hair in Clytie knot. Right side gown severe black, big sleeve, bunch of curls shading face. One slipper white, one black.*)

SPRIG. Well, how do you like it?

PEN. What is it?

LAV. Before, and after taking —

CHAL. (*giggling*). What does it mean?

SPRIG. I have simply doubled up with Maudie's part. (*Turns L. profile to audience.*) On this side I am the district attorney for Oskaloosa. (*Waves arm.*) Your Honor, I appeal to you. (*Turns right profile.*) On the other side I am Clytie Brown, the defendant. (*Turning rapidly.*) Plaintiff, defendant, plaintiff, defendant. See?

MRS. W. You look very funny.

CHAL. Awfully. (*Giggles.*)

LAV. Rather far-fetched.

PEN. The audience won't understand.



SPRIG. Yes, they will; they've got to. I can't replace Maudie; and after selling eight hundred tickets we must give a performance.

MRS. W. (*looking at watch*). It is five o'clock, Spriggie.

SPRIG. Couldn't you possibly manage to go over the first act?

ALL. No!

SPRIG. Very well, clear the stage, Mrs. Wiggins: you open. Come, girls! (*Runs off with LAVENDER and PENELOPE. MRS. WIGGINS sits on Judge's seat, opens book.*)

MRS. W. What do I say? Oh, yes. Send the jury into court.

(*Music. Jury girls dance on as before; sing, "Oh, no, we never mention it," etc. At finish cross to L. front, file from there to chairs L., bowing to Judge as they pass; sit, take up note-books. SPRIGGIE enters, wrapped in cloak; goes to L. of Judge, drops cloak. JURY bursts out laughing.*)

CHICK. That's the worst I ever saw. (*Rises.*)

SPRIG. Please don't interrupt, Miss Niles.

CHICK. Keep cool! I just want to say, that if this rehearsal isn't over by six o'clock prompt, you'll be sorry.

SPRIG. I am stage manager, and shall rehearse as long as I see fit.

CHICK. Don't say I didn't warn you. (*Sits.*)

JURY. Didn't warn you! (*Sit.*)

MRS. W. What is the first case before the court?

SPRIG. Suit brought by city against Clytie Brown, sculptor, for non-fulfilment of contract.

MRS. W. Clytie Brown is wanted in court.

SPRIG. (*running around behind Judge, appears R. as defendant*). Your Honor, as a free born American I demand justice.

MRS. W. Justice you shall have. In Oskaloosa the senseless technicalities and forms of the law are abolished by the rule of woman. In Oskaloosa justice is free. Unhampered by counsel, state your case, produce your witnesses, and abide by the verdict of your fellow-women.

JURY (*rising, sing*).

Guilty, your Honor, guilty  
We find the plaintiff to be;  
If any one's wrong in the case,  
We rather think it's she.

SPRIG. (*over her shoulder*). Sit down! The idea of giving the verdict before the trial!

CHICK. She said, — verdict.

SPRIG. No matter! Sit down!

CHICK. Snubbed. (*Sits.*)

JURY. Snubbed! (*Sit.*)

MRS. W. Proceed with the case.

SPRIG. Your honor, I am Clytie Brown, a sculptor. The city ordered a statue of Justice for the new city hall from me. When it was complete they refused it on the ground that it was out of proportion.

MRS. W. Did they prove this?

SPRIG. No. The expert who judged my work is a rival sculptor. By your leave, I will presently produce her in court, and expose her ignorance.

MRS. W. I don't doubt it. I shall probably decide in your favor, but first I must hear from the district attorney. There are two sides to everything.

SPRIG. (*runs around behind Judge, appears L. as plaintiff*). Your Honor, there are.

CHICK. Now you see it, and now you don't.

SPRIG. Don't interrupt.

CHICK. Crushed.

JURY. Crushed.

SPRIG. (*plaintiff*). Your Honor, I will now call a witness in behalf of Oskaloosa.

MRS. W. Bring it into court.

SPRIG. Reporter of the *Oskaloosa Garbler* wanted in court. (*CHALLIE enters giggling; wears ulster and hat, carries notebook.*) Bow to the Judge; take your place there. (*Points R. of Judge.*)

CHAL. What fun! (*Bows, stands R. of Judge.*)

SPRIG. (*plaintiff, severely*). You represent the *Oskaloosa Garbler*?

CHAL. Yes.

SPRIG. (*plaintiff*). You recently interviewed Clytie Brown, the sculptor?

CHAL. I did.

SPRIG. (*plaintiff*). What is her age?

CHAL. (*consulting book*). Eighteen summers and seventeen winters.

SPRIG. Your Honor, having seen the defendant, can readily detect the falsity of that statement.

MRS. W. Of course.

SPRIG. (*running around to R., appears as defendant*). Your Honor, that is my newspaper age.

MRS. W. Of course.

SPRIG. (*returning to L. as plaintiff*). Ladies of the Jury, make a note of that: you observe she has two ages.

JURY (*rising, write*). Her newspaper age is eighteen summers and seventeen winters. (*Sit.*)

CHICK. It is half-past five, Miss Van Der Hunk.

SPRIG. Don't interrupt the rehearsal.

CHICK. Floored again.

JURY. Floored again.

SPRIG. (*plaintiff to CHALLIE*). Had you any previous acquaintance with the defendant?

CHAL. Oh, dear, yes. I went to school with her. She wasn't a bit pretty or smart, so I was amazed to hear that she had become a sculptor. Queer, how things turn out! I used to be rich,

and now I am a reporter ; and a good one, too. I can hash a reputation with any girl alive ; spice a scandal, pepper a paragraph —

MRS. W. Keep to the point, witness.

SPRIG. We want to hear about Clytie Brown.

CHAL. Oh, I never thought much of Clytie. You know how it is, when you know people it seems as though they couldn't amount to much. (*Giggles.*)

CHICK. Get on to that rippling giggle.

JURY. That rippling giggle.

SPRIG. Be quiet.

CHICK. Another snub.

JURY. Snubbed again.

SPRIG. (*plaintiff, to CHALLIE*). You say the defendant is a dreadful liar.

CHAL. I —

SPRIG. (*plaintiff*). Ladies of the Jury, make a note of that.

JURY. (*rising*). The defendant is a dreadful liar.

SPRIG. (*plaintiff*). These details affect your verdict.

JURY. (*rising, sing*).

Guilty, your Honor, guilty,  
We find the plaintiff to be —

SPRIG. Sit down.

CHICK. You said verdict. (*JURY sit.*)

SPRIG. (*plaintiff*). You have seen this statue ?

CHAL. Yes ; it looked like the dickens.

SPRIG. (*plaintiff to JURY*). Ladies of the Jury, make a note.

JURY (*rising, write*). The statue looked exactly like Charles Dickens. (*Sit.*)

SPRIG. (*running to R. as defendant*). Your Honor, the witness did not say my statue looked like Charles Dickens.

MRS. W. I never heard of any other.

SPRIG. (*defendant*). But, your Honor, —

MRS. W. I'll fine you for contempt of court, if you are not silent.

SPRIG. (*returns to L. plaintiff*). Your Honor, I rest my case here. The defendant has been proved incompetent, and a liar. Witness, step down.

CHAL. (*giggling*). I will write up my notes. (*Sits L. front.*)

MRS. W. Now, I will hear from the other side.

SPRIG. (*running to R., appears as defendant*). Your Honor, disregarding the disreputable slanders of my opponent, I will produce their expert in court, and let her prove my case.

MRS. W. The expert is wanted in court.

(LAVENDER enters, dressed in extreme of prevailing style ; carries lorgnette ; looks about superciliously.)

SPRIG. (*defendant*). Sit there, please. (*Points to chair L. of Judge.*)

LAV. (*eying* CHALLIE). What is that young woman doing?

CHAL. Writing up the trial.

LAV. (*rushing to her*). Then I want to tell you all about my gown, and my divorce, and—

MRS. W. Proceed with the case.

SPRIG. (*defendant*). Witness, come back here.

LAV. But I want—

CHAL. Don't you worry. I'll give you half a column.

LAV. (*goes to chair*). Now, I am ready.

SPRIG. (*defendant*). Are you prepared to swear that your judgment is infallible?

LAV. I am.

SPRIG. (*defendant*). Ladies of the Jury, make a note; this will influence your verdict.

JURY (*rising, sing*).

Guilty, your Honor, guilty,

MRS. W. Sit down!

JURY. We find the plaintiff—

SPRIG. Will you sit down?

CHICK. Watch me fall dead. (*Sits.*)

JURY. Fall dead. (*Sit.*)

SPRIG. (*defendant*). You are an expert on statuary, I believe.

LAV. Yes, and a sculptor.

SPRIG. (*defendant*). You pronounced my statue a bungling piece of work. Anatomically incorrect.

LAV. It was. Laughably so.

SPRIG. (*defendant*). You are sure your decision was not biassed by jealousy.

LAV. Jealous of you! Nonsense. Your work was an offence to my artistic eye.

SPRIG. (*defendant*). Your Honor, with your permission, I will test the judgment of this complacent lady. (*Goes to L. C. entrance.*) I have here a model in clay of my statue of Justice. (*To*

LAVENDER.) Will you now kindly point out to the Judge and Jury each and all of the anatomical defects in my work.

LAV. I shall be happy to do so. (*Goes to L. front, stands looking at curtain.*)

MRS. W. Draw the curtain.

(SPRIGGIE *draws curtain back, disclosing* PENELOPE *made up as statue, with Greek draperies, seated; head resting on hand; bandage over eyes.*)

LAV. Preposterous!

SPRIG. (*defendant*). Your Honor. I rest my case here. (*Warn clock.*)

MRS. W. We will now hear the other side.

SPRIG. (*crosses to L. of statue as plaintiff*). Your Honor, I

accept the test for our expert. Can any woman alive look at this pitiful attempt without laughter?

MRS. W. Certainly not. Ladies of the Jury, laugh.

CHICK. Funny. (*Laughs.*)

JURY. Funny. (*Laughs.*)

LAV. The extent of its absurdity is only apparent to an artist's eye.

SPRIG. (*plaintiff*). Kindly point out the details to the Jury.

LAV. First, the pose. Human muscles could not be twisted into that strained and artificial pose.

(*CHALLIE begins to assume same pose.*)

SPRIG. (*plaintiff*). True!

LAV. The face is lop-sided, the ears too far forward, and the nose on one side.

CHAL. I've got it! (*Giggles.*)

LAV. What?

CHAL. The strained and artificial pose.

LAV. Nonsense! Not a bit like it!

MRS. W. You will be fined for contempt of court directly, reporter.

SPRIG. (*plaintiff*). True! Unfortunately true!

LAV. Next, the arms: one is longer than the other, and both are out of drawing; and, worse than all, — the — er — limbs exist only by courtesy. Beneath that stiff drapery there can only be a shapeless lump of clay, incapable of form or motion.

SPRIG. (*running round to R. as defendant*). You are sure?

LAV. Quite. Animate that wretched attempt at a model with life, and it would fall flat.

PEN. (*tearing off bandage*). What?

ALL. It is alive.

PEN. (*rising*). My arms are out of drawing, are they? (*Strides to LAVENDER.*) I am incapable of form or motion, am I?

LAV. Oh! (*Runs across to JURY, followed by PENELOPE. They dodge about, PENELOPE catches LAVENDER, brings her to Judge by her car.*)

SPRIG. (*goes behind Judge, comes out R. as defendant*). Your Honor, I rest my case here. It was the testimony of this expert that condemned my statue, and you see what her judgment is

LAV. Your Honor, this young woman is out of drawing.

PEN. What? (*Clock ready, L.*)

LAV. You were born so.

PEN. What? (*Strides to her.*)

LAV. Oh, I take it all back. You are adorably lovely.

PEN. (*folding arms*). Well, I should say so.

MRS. W. Ladies of the Jury, consider your verdict.

JURY (*rising, sing*).

Guilty, your Honor, guilty  
We find the plaintiff to be;  
If any —

(*Clock strikes six loudly.*)

CHICK. Six o'clock, girls.

SPRIG. Go on with the rehearsal.

CHICK. Not much! You see, mamma said I should resign my part if I was kept here after six o'clock: so I am going.

JURY. Same here!

SPRIG. I will not permit you to leave. (*Crosses to L. front, followed by R. P. girls.*) You must finish the rehearsal.

CHICK. Not much!

R. P. GIRLS. Oh, listen!

CHICK. In fact, me and my friends will resign our parts.

SPRIG. Resign! (*Begin second ending here. See p. 19.*)

JURY. We've all played Juliet.

CHICK. And we all act better than you; you're "not in it."

SPRIG. Indeed! Perhaps you would like to change parts.

CHICK. Good idea! If you'll change, I won't resign. Now that goes, see?

SPRIG. No, I don't see.

CHICK. Come on, girls! (*Starts for door.*)

SPRIG. Oh, wait, wait! I've sold eight hundred tickets. I must give in. Here, take the part. (*Holds out part.*)

R. P. GIRLS. Oh, oh!

PEN. That's rather good! Slight your own friends for that girl! If you are going to give the part up, I'll take it.

CHAL. Nonsense! It's not your style: I'll take it.

LAV. You are too large. It should be played by a dainty little girl, like me.

MRS. W. On the contrary, it requires a dignified presence,—like mine.

JURY. I want it.

SPRIG. Then I refuse to give it up.

ALL. Selfish!

CHICK. It might mean a corner lot, if I had it.

SPRIG. I will not give it up: I refuse.

ALL. Then we resign! Selfish!

JURY. We resign! We won't stay! (*Skip out.*)

R. P. GIRLS. And we resign. (*Exit, talking, and glaring at SPRIGGIE.*)

SPRIG. (*looking after them*). Well, Chickie said the cast was "out of sight," and it is. I don't care. (*Coming down front.*) Ladies and gentlemen, "Oskaloosa Justice" will be given to-morrow night, as advertised. But, owing to—er—er—circumstances, I will present it to you as a monologue, claiming the usual indulgence for a quick study.

#### CURTAIN.

NOTE.—The version thus concluded is that finally adopted in the performance by the Twelfth Night Club. The original ending, and the one preferred by the author, is also given for the benefit of those who may agree with her taste in the matter. The change begins after the speech, "SPRIGGIE. Resign!"



CHICK. First, because you are rude; secondly, because we don't care to play such small parts. I've played Juliet and Portia, so I feel rather wasted in this *rôle*.

JURY. So do we.

SPRIG. But we've sold eight hundred tickets.

CHICK. You're in luck.

SPRIG. Even a stage manager will turn, and I'm going to give you a piece of my mind.

CHICK. Don't lose your temper.

SPRIG. You're an ill-bred —

CHICK. Tra-la-la!

JURY. Tra-la-la!

SPRIG. You're a flaunting parvenu.

R. P. GIRLS. You are.

SPRIG. Your mother sold butter to my mother.

CHICK. And never got a cent for it. Don't you call names.

SPRIG. No names could do you justice. I'd like to slap you.

CHICK. (*dancing about*). Try it!

SPRIG. I will. (*Rushes at CHICKIE. PENELOPE catches her about waist. R. P. GIRLS form tug-of-war line, hold SPRIGGIE back. Jury girls in tug-of-war line restrain CHICKIE.*) I'll box her ears! (*Jumps at CHICKIE. R. P. GIRLS hold her back.*)

R. P. GIRLS. Calm down, darling.

CHICK. Let me go! (*Jumps at SPRIGGIE.*)

JURY. No, no!

SPRIG. Apologize!

CHICK. Never!

ALL (*together*). Mean cat! Spiteful thing! Hateful! Rude! Horrid! So!

QUICK CURTAIN.



MISS TIFFANY'S LATEST AND BEST.

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# AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER.

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A Comedy-Drama in Three Acts.

By ESTHER B. TIFFANY.

Author of "A Rice Pudding," "Anita's Trial," "The Way to His Pocket," and other favorite pieces.

Five male and five female characters. Scenes, two interiors; costumes, modern and simple. Sparkling in dialogue, strong in interest, graceful in idea.

Price, . . . . . 25 cents.

## SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Staunton's lodgings. Port-wine and poverty. Love's young dream. A voice from the tomb. "Why do you haunt me?" A ruined life. **THE AUTOGRAPH LETTER.** "I'll destroy it this very day." Troubles thicken. The grasp of poverty. An idea. "Give me one hour and you shall have your money." The key of the secretary. **THE SEED OF SORROW.**

ACT II. John Master's home. The temperance question. Two sides of an old maid. "Aunt Libby, you're a jewel." Reading the newspaper. "Black satin's in fashion." The bitter past. A story of a wasted life. The unanswered letter. An angel's visit. **THE LETTER ANSWERED AFTER TWENTY YEARS.** The ring and its motto. "To love is to trust." **THE HARVEST OF HAPPINESS.**

ACT III. At Staunton's again. Locking the stable door. White lies and white lilacs. A confession. "*The letter never reached John Master's hands.*" For love's sake. "*He must be told.*" A daughter's happiness. "She will marry the man she loves, but for you." A sacrifice and a promise. **FACE TO FACE.** "I came to fling his treachery in his face, but it is the face of a dead man." False to the last. "For her sake, not yours, I lied." A noble foe. Young love and old. Explained at last. "I am no man's wife." **THE GARNERING OF THE GRAIN.**

---

# THE WAY TO HIS POCKET.

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A comedy in one act, for two male and three female characters. Scene, an interior, costumes modern. All its requirements are simple to the last degree, and offer no difficulties. This little play is in Miss Tiffany's best vein, and admirably continues the series of parlor pieces, refined in humor and clever in plan, of which she is the author. Plays about an hour.

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Five male, three female characters. Scenery, two simple interiors. The leading character is an old farmer, whose wish for the comforts of city life and the luxuries of wealth is answered in an unexpected and embarrassing manner. The piece abounds in rustic humor, the contrast between the simple old countryman and his city surroundings being ludicrously emphasized. All the characters are good and the piece easy to produce.

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Kitchen in Jedediah's house. A stormy night. Family jar. Jedediah's return. A much abused man. "Hain't I been wrecked with floods, an' blizzards, an' hurricanes, an' every other calamity under the sun?" Dissatisfied with his sphere in life. "I want ter be rich, that's what I want, an' with nuthin' ter do but jest sit around an' take life easy." Mr. Markham seeks shelter from the storm. Jedediah, relates his troubles, after which he retires. Scheme between Mrs. Blood and Mr. Markham to cure Jedediah from grumbling. The Dutchman let into the secret. "You vhas der doctor, und I vhas der general superintendent. Pizness is pizness." Jedediah placed under the influence of anæsthetics and taken to the mansion of Mr. Markham.

ACT II. Room in Markham's mansion. Jedediah awakes from his stupor. A bewildered man. "What — on — airth — Why! where am I, anyhow!" Female servants not wanted. Believes himself to be dreaming and endeavors to awake. "I've hern tell if you could shout, or thrash yourself about, it would wake you from the toughest nightmare on record. So here goes." Interview between Jedediah and John. "Wise man holds tongue. Old proverb. Better follow it." Fun by the bushel. More and more bewildered. Mrs. Blood as Mrs. Southerwood. An explanation wanted. "For Heaven's sake tell me where I am an' what's the matter." Old home the best. Asleep or crazy — which? "Oh, Lord, I'm in a lunatic asylum, an' these servants are my keepers." Jedediah retires. Once more returned to his old home.

ACT III. Same as Act I. Conundrums. "Why do some ladies who do up their hair imitate a rooster?" The Dutchman's conundrum. "Vy does der hen move his head back und forth vhen she vhalks?" Something about baseball. Jedediah awakes. "I've had a dream." So have Thomas and the Dutchman. Jedediah's story. A permanent cure. "No matter under what circumstances I am placed, or how poor my condition may be, I will never again find fault with my sphere in life."

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A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

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Four male, three female characters. Scenery, costumes and properties simple. Time in playing about 40 minutes. Showing the difficulties that may arise from the practice of Amateur Photography. A roaring farce.

A NEW PLAY OF COLLEGE LIFE.

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❖ C · H · U · M · S ❖

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Three male and two female characters. Scenery and costumes, very easy. Tom Burnham wears ladies' costume throughout the piece, and all the characters may be played by men, if desired, as in the original performance by Graduate Members of the Pi Eta Society, of Harvard College, at Beethoven Hall, Boston, February 29, 1876. This play was one of the attractions of the Murdock Testimonial Benefit, at the Boston Theatre, January 19, 1877, and has since been played many times from manuscript with great success. A very funny piece and a sure hit.

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THE TENNIS DRILL

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THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

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Six male and three female characters. Time, the present. Scene, at New England factory village. First played at the Vereins-Halle of the Boylston Schulverein, Boston, May 27, 1889, under the title of

“A NOBLE SACRIFICE.”

## SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. MORNING.—Isabel’s birthday. A husband’s love and a husband’s secret. “Can such joy endure?” The shadow of the past clouds the light of the present. Army and Navy. A lesson in love. “A flank movement and a ‘naval engagement.’” The army routed. Waldemar’s confession. “*The man you would call father is an outcast.*” The edge of the shadow. “I will stand by her side and defy the world.” Questioning the fates. The foreign workman. The courage of innocence. “Here was my name; he will remember it.” THE SHADOW FALLS.

ACT II. AFTERNOON.—Taking counsel. “Do your best, the happiness of us all depends upon you.” Proposing under difficulties. Edith’s dream. Father and daughter. “It is true, he is faithful.” The shadow comes again. The Rat King. Isabel’s scorn. “*Of whom are you speaking? Your husband!*” A little light in the darkness. “It is too late — too late.” Isabel learns the truth. A convict’s wife. “My idol has turned to clay.” Isabel’s flight. The Captain takes a tumble. Waldemar’s return. The deserted home. “*Alone! Alone!*” THE BLACKNESS OF THE SHADOW.

ACT III. EVENING.—“The cigarette of peace.” A looker-on at love. “Great Jupiter! I can’t stand it!” The terror of uncertainty. “He will surely come; but when?” The meeting of old enemies. BROUGHT TO BAY. Accusation and recrimination. “Cease your mockery, and tell me what you want.” The price of silence. “Will money bring back the dead?” A living tomb. The talisman of love. “Your child lives — but not for you.” A father’s grief. “Do not ruin her happiness as you have mine.” THE SACRIFICE. “*My little one is dead—to me!*” The shadow lifts. “He is gone, never to return.” Husband and wife. A confession. “Why have you not trusted me?” A bond of love. OUT OF THE SHADOW.

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Eleven male and two female characters and supers; six male characters only being important. Costumes modern and eccentric rustic. Scenery may be made elaborate or simple, according to circumstances. John Haymaker is a good character, new to the stage, and full of rustic humor and shrewdness. Alvin Joslin, as played by Mr. Davis, comes nearest to it in flavor. The other characters are excellent, generally rustic types and those of low life in the city, where the incidents of "The Granger's" second act occur. The story is original in idea, and of great humorous possibilities. Just the thing for a Grange entertainment. Can be played with the simplest accessories, yet will amply repay care in getting up.

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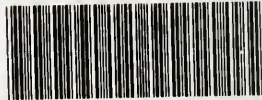
## SYNOPSIS:

ACT I. SCENE 1. Highway. Farming a trade. "It takes more good, sound common sense to run a farm successfully than it does a national bank. A good shot. Evolution. Isaac as an informer. Hard to hear. "Measter Haymaker, dom it! woolve stop that dinging and come here." SCENE 2. The lovers. Philopened. The penalty two kisses. Caught in the act. "Well, young man, when you are satisfied, please give me your attention." Wager between Richard and Haymaker. "I will wager that you will be outwitted at your own game inside of a month; and your daughter's hand shall pay the penalty if I win." "And if you lose?" "If I lose, I will never trouble you or your daughter again." The acceptance. SCENE 3. Haymaker's house. Richard unfolds his plan to Mrs. Haymaker and Minnie. They join him in the plot to outwit Haymaker. Off to the city.

ACT II. SCENE 1. City street. "The Granger." Lots of fun. Taken for a greenhorn. New kind of game. Baiting the trap. How the pickpockets were caught. "Feel at this moment jest like speakin' in meetin', don't ye?" Held in tow. Off to the "tavern." SCENE 2. City bar-room. How Haymaker fooled the crowd. Releasing the pickpockets. Parting advice. "When you pick up another Granger on the street, don't take him for a pumpkin until you have tested the rind." How the traps were worked. Tough yarns. Richard and Minnie disguised. The song. Charity. "Yengster, jest lead the way tu them there books." SCENE 3. Room in tenement house. Evolution again. The supper. The drugged coffee. Haymaker falls asleep. Richard happy. "Hurrah! we together have outwitted John Haymaker." Minnie's keepsake. Haymaker caught in his own traps.

ACT III. SCENE 1. Highway. Haymaker and Cushing. "You're an old, meddlesome, wizzled, knock-kneed and dried up jackass." Cushing astonished. "Wa'all, I swow! I'll be blowed if I ever seed Haymaker like that afore." SCENE 2. Haymaker's house. Waiting for Haymaker. "O my! there is father coming now." Crest-fallen but spunky. Haymaker's explanation. His admiration for those who outwitted him. "If they would confess I would give them a thousand dollars and a position for life." Taken at his word. Richard and Minnie again in disguise. The song. Haymaker humbugged. "Well, it's beginnng to dawn upon me that I'm a confounded fool." Fulfilling the contract. Haymaker's closing words. "Though I advocate the theory of evolution, it never again shall be the principal match John Haymaker in his own trap."

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